THE New Republic

**Formosa: The Chance for Peace**

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# Since Stalin's Death . . . Is Collective Leadership Cracking?

**Two British correspondents analyze some recent shifts in Soviet policy and the struggle for power inside the Kremlin**

## The Newer Orthodoxy

*by Robert M. Hutchins*

## Marshall MacDuffie's "The Red Carpet"

*reviewed by Harry Schwartz*

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# T. R. B.

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# Washington Wire

**Here's the deal** we have worked out with Chiang Kai-shek: the US will guarantee Formosa and the Pescadores. Chiang abandons invasion of the mainland and will not do things that might lead to general war. The US will allow the Communist Chinese to attend Security Council debate (as we did before, in 1950). The UN will, consequently, receive a cease-fire resolution from New Zealand (engineered by the US).

So far this is clear, and big stuff. It abandons one of our most jealously held (and absurd) fixed positions: that Chiang will someday reconquer the mainland; we now, finally, accept a "two-China" policy, and enlist the UN in cease-fire effort. All to the good.

But for military-political reasons Ike is ambiguous about off-shore Nationalist-held coastal islands. Take Quemoy. Ike calls Quemoy "one of the natural approaches to Formosa"; it is—in the sense that Manhattan's Governor's Island is a "natural approach" to Europe. It's a gag in the mouth of Amoy harbor, actually farther from Formosa than parts of the Communist mainland. Military reason for Ike's unfortunate ambiguity is that the Reds can't use their mainland jet air-strips against Formosa while Chiang holds the coastal islands. Political excuses are: We need something to trade with the Reds for cease-fire agreement; abandoning the islands would anger the Knowland wing of the GOP; abandonment would mean loss of prestige to Chiang.

Only three Senators voted against the Formosa resolution, but they reflected the doubts of scores more and did an immense amount of good. Specifically, they got the pledge that Ike personally will decide before any bombs are dropped—not some trigger-happy local field commander. Republican unity, purchased by Ike's ambiguity, seems to be quickly wearing thin. The risk remains, but each China lobby outcry against the UN invitation to the Red Chinese makes the Senate majority feel safer.

**The Atomic Energy Commission** should be as non-political as the Supreme Court, and was in the happy days of chairman Gordon Dean and Senator Brien McMahon. Now it's so political it can't function: the United Press reports it has developed a "voting stalemate." It's all happened under Ike's appointee Chairman Lewis L. Strauss. Robert Oppenheimer, a leader in achieving the atomic bomb, was kicked out as a "security risk." Then Eisenhower plunged it into politics when he made the AEC the "broker" between TVA and the Dixon-Yates crowd. This was as incongruous as making the Supreme Court the broker between the Port of NY Authority and the Chase National Bank. Now AEC General Manager, General Nichols, at 47 is leaving his $20,000-a-year post to go into private industry with the Mellon interests at a reputed $100,000 a year. Nichols sided with Strauss in the Oppenheimer and Dixon-Yates controversies. Maybe the AEC is one of the government activities the President is going to turn over to private enterprise.

**Many people** imagine that when the Supreme Court hands down a judgment it becomes law. That may be the theory, but Congress has often reversed the court in recent years. In 1944 the Court ruled (US *v.* Southeast Underwriters) that insurance is interstate commerce, under Federal regulation. Congress canceled this with the March 9, 1945 McCarran law reserving regulation to the states. Again: the Supreme Court ruled that retailers who didn't sign local price-fixing laws could cut prices despite state regulations; Congress ended that nonsense with the McGuire Act. Again: the Court ruled that off-shore oil belonged to the nation, *i.e.*, to you and me. Congress passed the Submerged Lands Act in 1953 (which Truman earlier vetoed) and Ike signed it; that meant easier exploitation for the oil companies. . . . Now a new instance is upcoming: last June the Court ruled in the Phillips Petroleum case that the Natural Gas Act of 1938 gives the Federal Power Commission authority to regulate interstate gas rates to consumers. The customary Congressional reversal is being prepared to slap down the Court once again in the interest of Texas oil-gas interests. Who do these judges think they are, anyway—the AEC?

**The beauty** of a one-party press is that it makes everything so simple. Sen. William Fulbright (D, Ark.), speaking in New York last week objected to "concentration of managerial control of the press, the radio and movies," pointing out that one-third of America's daily papers have folded in 40 years, that 10 states lack a single city with competing papers, that four radio networks dominate the nation with 24 advertisers accounting for 50 percent of their net income, and that five companies dominate the movies. "The general effect of this," he complained, "is that people hear, see, watch, read and listen to only one side of public questions." He seemed to deplore this.

What Fulbright ignores is the economic efficiency of such a system. There are aesthetic pleasures, too; how nice it is for all of us to be thinking the same things at the same time! Few papers stood out against the McCarthy witch-burning. When the nice little girls back in witch-ridden Salem finally confessed that they had been bloodthirstily lying to get innocent people hung, there were a few red faces, but we may be sure the embarrassment among the Right People only lasted briefly. Something like that is happening today. The government has been hiring faceless informants to brand workers as security risks. Mostly the workers never saw their accusers. A few accusers however were known and applauded. One of them is Harvey Matusow, former FBI undercover informer; the press did not then, and will not now, criticize the FBI. The only trouble is that Matusow now reportedly says he was lying. He says he lied about Owen Lattimore, about union leaders; he has apparently written a book about it. Men like Matusow could hardly have operated under a two-party press. In that case we should have lost all the fun of being frightened together of what was under the bed.

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# BEHIND THE HEADLINES

While You Weren't Looking

## German Recartelization

AMERICAN stockholders, uneasy over recent slips and slides on the New York Stock Exchange, might cast a not unenvious glance at the 1954 German exchanges: The total value of the 672 German stocks traded increased in a single year by more than 50 percent.

By the end of November, 1954, the total value of all stocks had reached 17.6 billion Deutschmarks, or 162 percent of the parity values at which they were originally issued. Many stocks were in fact far above the 200 percent mark, especially those in the electrical and chemical industries. To appreciate this rise it should be remembered that five years ago, at the end of 1949, only *eight* of all 672 stocks had even reached parity (100 percent).

Leading the boom in 1954 were the stocks of the 38 so-called "decartelized" iron, steel and coal companies, which had increased in value by no less than 79 percent by the end of November. The expectation causing this sensational rise was that "decartelization" would soon come to an end, and that the steel and coal companies would again combine for yet more profitable expansion.

Since November, the Schuman Plan authorities have given their blessing to the principle of recartelization—in the name of more efficient production. The first big steel firm to re-form its ties with its former coal-producing satellites was the *Nordwestdeutscher Huettenverein,* successor to the prewar *Kloeckner Werke* firm.

At the stockholders' meeting at which this merger was made public, the company's board of directors also announced that they were changing the firm's name. To what? Back to *Kloeckner Werke.* Stockholders were enthusiastic.

Most of the other large steel concerns also intend to resume their vertical ties with earlier coal-supplying or steel-processing satellites. Among those is *Thyssen Huette,* whose old steel furnaces were torn down for reparations payments but which now boasts production facilities as modern as any in the US.

Like other signs of "restoration" in German life, the recartelization process is not the result of sinister political forces or motives. It was an inevitable development. The European Steel and Coal Community could not very well, even if it were inclined, veto German plans after the dramatic cartelization that has taken place in the French steel industry in recent years. And in Germany itself "free competition" with anti-trust restrictions has few champions. The party that one might have thought was anti-big-business, the Social Democrats, has always opposed decartelization on the theory that, come the day, it will be easier to nationalize a few large concerns than many small ones.

One ironic aspect is that the significance of tying the Saar economically to France is being vitiated even before the much fought-over Franco-German agreement is ratified. The French argument has always been that France needs the Saar's annual three-million ton steel production in order to keep its own steel capacity from being out-distanced by the Germans. Yet German production increase in just one year amounted to almost as much as the Saar's total.

At that rate the Saar won't help France very much, even if every French steel worker drinks only milk and works as many hours as PMF.

While You Weren't Looking

## Oil Shut-Off

WHEN, late last year, Interior Secretary Douglas McKay said he would close down the Bureau of Mines' oil-shale plant at Rifle, Colorado, because "crude oil is now in super-abundant supply," the *New Republic* argued that the reason given was false and the decision a bad one. When, under Congressional pressure, McKay back-tracked to the extent of asking the National Petroleum Council to give him a "disinterested opinion" on whether or not to close the plant, the *New Republic* pointed out (Sept. 20, 1954) that the Council had already, on February 26, 1953, stated its opposition to continued government experimentation with oil shale. But McKay pushed ahead with his masquerade. And last week the Petroleum Council, with all the seriousness befitting a government advisory group, "advised" McKay to close down the plant. Surprise. Government experimentation in oil-shale extraction was begun 11 years ago (1944) for several reasons: (1) The US uses 8 million barrels of oil each day (12 percent of which is imported) and will double that figure by 1970; (2) the rest of the world is increasing oil consumption even more rapidly than we are and just about the time (the end of this century) imports become essential to us, they will become increasingly expensive and their availability will drop sharply; (3) there is enough high-grade shale in the US to produce 80 billion barrels of oil, and enough low grade shale to provide 200 billion barrels more (estimates of ultimate US reserves range around 100 billion barrels; 35 billion have been "proved"); (4) the oil industry—which must seek immediate profit—was and is unwilling to invest large amounts in long-range research toward the development of a technology capable of exploiting our vast shale resources.

The oil industry will not find it profitable to invest heavily in shale research as long as the largest companies make 60 percent of their profits from foreign wells in which they have invested only 40 percent of their capital

But those imports, chiefly originating in the Middle East, could be quickly cut off in war-time and even if war is avoided, we must be ready to supplement our natural petroleum reserves within 15 years. The shale is there. All we need is the technology.

Yet McKay, at the industry's bidding, is prepared to close down the only major experimental shale-plant in the nation just as it is beginning to produce gasoline at close-to-competitive prices.

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## Opening Windows in France

**Paris buses** have neat enamel plates screwed to the inner walls between the windows explaining in detailed legalistic language the rules about heating and opening the windows. If one single passenger wants a window closed, although all the other passengers near him want it open, the window stays closed.

This is more than a rule about windows and fresh air. It symbolizes the very sum and substance of a national French tradition about movement or change of any kind. In the recent, modern political context the ancient attitude has been given the name *immobilisme* or do-nothingism. Pierre Mendès-France's greatest achievement has been to get and to keep power as an enemy of the immobilists. But in beginning this last week what he called the second phase of his government's dynamic activity, he admitted that he had once again to meet a serious challenge of the kind of men and movements opposed to the opening of windows.

If Mendès-France survives, however, the problem of getting the New Deal started will not be simply that of choosing movers and doers in place of immobilists. He will also have to determine the direction in which to move, of *which* windows to open on a side which —by common, or at least verbal, consent —is called the Left.

For the first phase of the Mendès-France experiments has produced a pullulation of New Lefts, especially among the intellectuals who, in France, have more political influence than in other countries; and who, under Mendès-France, have tended to believe that the government was "theirs." Of these New Lefts, the two most important have been sponsored by newspaper editors, Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber of the weekly *Express-Echoes*, and Claude Bourdet, of the weekly *France-Observateur*. Between them runs a stream of controversy about as promising of lasting peace and concord as Formosa.

The great achievement of Servan Schreiber has been to line up two top stars who shine brilliantly in the French intellectual heavens and who, recently, have seemed to be associated with political movements which have little to do with the Old Left. They are François Mauriac, member of the French Academy, Nobel Prize winning novelist, member of the board of editors of *Le Figaro,* and leading Catholic layman; and André Malraux who scarcely needs an introduction in the columns of the *NR*. Their New Left is ardently Mendesian.

The opposite is true of Bourdet's New Left, made up of men who, if not fellow travelers, are certainly close to the neutralists. They maintain that they provided the steps of the ladder which Mendès-France mounted on his way to power; and they are bitter now that he has, they say, repudiated the original New Deal and the original "parallelism" in foreign policy. This was (still, according to them) to maintain France's independence and, at the same time, to seek real co-existence.

**There seems** little doubt that Mendès-France is much closer to the nationalism, with a Gaullist flavor, of the *Express* than to the neutralism, with a Malenkovian accent, of the *Observateur*. But the central—and odd—fact is that Mendès-France is an economist with a mission and quite definitely without a fixed ideology. And yet the men of the two conflicting New Lefts, and the issues on which they clash, have precious little to do with rationalist economics; the duel is almost wholly ideological.

Mauriac supports Mendès-France because he finds in him a hope for the social justice, for the "revolution by the law" which Christian Democratic MRP, Popular Republican Movement, was founded after the war to accomplish. This was one of the two major post-war crusades; the other was the Gaullist Rally of the French People which was to restore to France her ancient *"gloire et grandeur."* Both crusades were diverted or petered out. So now, Mauriac, a Catholic humanist who knows and cares nothing about economics, science and technology, eagerly throws in his lot with a Jewish leader who has a messianic zeal only in support of technocratic modernization. And Malraux finds in Mendès-France the chance to achieve for *"la France eternelle"* the glories which General de Gaulle once promised. The author of *Man's Fate* feels sure that the man who hates rhetoric and loves facts and figures will be able to win hundreds of thousands of votes away from the Communists.

Thus far there is no clear indication that he is right. In any event, it seems likely that the effect of the pulling and tugging will be to force the Old Right, now split into several internally warring factions, to get together. And only then will it be possible to see where the Mendesian New Deal is pointing.

For Mendès-France cares for labels, Left or Right, as little as he does for ideologies. His only faith is in the power and possibility of France to modernize herself; and the only human instrument he can see as midwifing this painful and dangerous rebirth is a man named Mendès-France.

*Paris* FRANK GORRELL


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*The Junior Senator From Oregon Asks*

# Does Familiarity Breed Wisdom?

Richard L. Neuberger

> . . . I suggest that those of us who have been there (Formosa) in person and have studied the areas and talked with the leaders of those countries may perhaps be better qualified to express a global view on this question than those who have not been there—H. Alexander Smith, senior Senator from New Jersey, during debate of the Formosa resolution.

I WAS ONE of the few members of the Senate on the floor when the distinguished gentleman from New Jersey made this remark. He was directing it at my colleague from Oregon, Senator Morse, who had just made a long speech against the resolution authorizing military action to defend Formosa and the Pescadores but who has never been to Formosa and the Pescadores.

Senator Smith's statement startled me, as a Senator of three weeks' experience, more than anything else that I heard in the course of the historic debate. It at once opened up new vistas of political strategy.

Before the humid days of summer grip our national capital, the Senate in all likelihood will discuss a bill authorizing a high multi-purpose Federal dam in Hell's Canyon, along the Snake River. Undoubtedly, I will be one of the authors of such a bill. Indeed, if I can extend to its logical conclusion the standard for authenticity laid down by the Senator from New Jersey, I might even presume to speak for the entire Senate upon the issue.

I have clambered many miles over the steep and narrow trails of Hell's Canyon. As long ago as 1939, I rode a black mare named "Buttons" down the precipitous side gorge below Freezeout Saddle. I have risked the rapids of the great canyon on the mailboat "Idaho." In the summer of 1953 my wife and I camped alone in the Seven Devils Range above the chasm, and while she splashed in icy mountain lakes I walked along the rim and peered down upon the proposed site for the dam.

Why, then, should I not rise during the Hell's Canyon debate and paraphrase the gentleman from New Jersey?

> . . . I suggest that those of us who have been there (Hell's Canyon) in person and have studied the areas and talked with forest rangers and sheepherders and construction engineers may perhaps be better qualified to express a hydroelectric view on this question than those who have not been there.

I presume this remark by me could disqualify Senator Smith right there from any participation in the issue.

The possibilities in this doctrine of superior familiarity are unlimited. My seat-mate on the floor of the Senate is Patrick McNamara of Michigan, a former trade-union leader. Could he not suggest that other Senators defer to him in all matters affecting labor? Does another member of the Senate dare comment on questions concerning women after Margaret Chase Smith of Maine has had her say on the subject?

As a new Senator, I find the entire question of knowledge of an issue a vexing one. Less than a month after I was sworn in, I had to vote on the Formosa resolution. While letters piled up on my desk and visitors from back home wanted to know why I wasn't in my office, I sat in the Senate listening to innumerable speeches. Senator McNamara, equally green in service, expressed my attitude when he commented: "First I think one way, then I think another. I swing back and forth after each speech."

Yet, under our Constitution, the *yea* or *nay* cast by a tyro counts just as much as that of a Senator who has sat since the 1920's. H. Alexander Smith may have been to Formosa but I, yet to travel west of the Alaskan Peninsula, could have canceled out his vote on the resolution. I may know each nook and cranny of Hell's Canyon, but must settle for parity on this question with some Senator who cannot tell the Snake River from the Potomac.

Indeed, a skeptic might even ask if on-the-spot knowledge of a problem actually breeds wisdom.

ACTUALLY, there seem to be many examples to the contrary. Douglas McKay was born in Oregon and served twice as Oregon's Governor. Harold Ickes hailed from Illinois and knew about Oregon only at second-hand. Yet Ickes began the program that electrified Oregon's farms and irrigated Oregon's land—while the ex-Governor of Oregon brought the program to a halt. And what is one to say of the Congressmen from the West who wanted to turn over the West's forests of fir and pine to absentee lumber interests, and of Pinchot, from Pennsylvania, who kept this from happening?

So the visiting of Formosa and the exploring of Hell's Canyon are not automatic guarantees of infallibility when these matters are decided on Capitol Hill. There must be something more than mere familiarity.

I suppose it's viewpoint and character that count, rather than geographic contiguity. I'll take my chances with a wayfarer who likes mankind instead of with some home-town product who thinks people are a menace.

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**EDITORIAL**

# Formosa: The Chance for Peace

SENATOR MARGARET CHASE SMITH, speaking in support of the President's resolution on Formosa, said that she was for Eisenhower although she had no idea what Eisenhower was for.

She was not alone. By now the confusion is complete —in London, in Moscow, at the United Nations, on Capitol Hill, everywhere but in the brilliant and devious mind of our Secretary of State. The reason is plain. Mr. Dulles has not been pursuing one objective in his Formosa policy but a number of conflicting objectives. He is seeking to intimidate Peking and yet to avoid war; to pull back the Nationalists and yet to preserve their mythical status; to gain the support of our allies and yet to retain the support of Senator Knowland; to use the United Nations both as a weapon of political warfare and as an instrument of negotiated peace.

Some of these objectives are imperative and right. Others represent a kind of opportunism that has no place in the foreign policy of the United States. By lumping them together and pursuing them with equal fervor, Mr. Dulles and President Eisenhower have undermined what hope there is of attaining the major objective—a cease-fire in the Formosa Straits.

The chances of a cease-fire agreement are dim at best. For only rarely can such conflicting ambitions as make up the present struggle be reconciled in a permanent and contractual form. The important agreements, such as the decision by both sides to limit the war that broke out in Korea, are by necessity unacknowledged. Agreements such as these represent not a relinquishing of claims by either side but a secret and similar assessment by both sides of probable penalties and possible gains.

In the hundred miles of open water that separate Formosa and the mainland, US naval and air forces and Nationalist artillery could almost certainly defeat, with heavy casualties, an attempted invasion of Formosa by the Chinese Communists. In turn these defensive forces could not hope to gain a military decision if they carried the war to the Chinese mainland. Thus a stalemate has occurred in the Straits which each side in secret may recognize. It offers a temporary assurance of peace, and the task of diplomacy is to give to it a more lasting and legal status. That is the role of the United Nations, and both the Security Council and the Assembly, acting under the "Uniting for Peace" resolution, are ready to accept the responsibility. Even Mr. Nehru, who has long held that Formosa belongs to Peking, is on record as challenging Peking's right to take Formosa by force.

Given the danger and the opportunity, there was for the United States a clear way ahead. First, President Eisenhower could have requested the United Nations to call upon the parties concerned to refrain from any resort to force in order to alter the status of Formosa and the Pescadores. Next, he could have declared that the United States would use such forces as it found necessary for the defense of Formosa and the Pescadores until peace in the area could be established under the aegis of the UN. Both actions could have been taken by President Eisenhower without resorting to Congress. Or if he felt the need for Congressional reinforcement, both actions could have been authorized by Congress through a resolution that Americans would have applauded, our allies would have welcomed, neutrals would have respected and Peking and Moscow would have understood.

INSTEAD the Eisenhower Administration chose a less open and creditable course. For, in addition to the UN cease-fire, Mr. Dulles was juggling with other considerations. Among them were the dreams of the Nationalists, the prejudices of Senator Knowland, the Secretary's own hunch that strong words will force Peking to back down and President Eisenhower's continuing desire to drive down the center of every road.

So the President and Mr. Dulles reversed the sound procedure and went first to Congress with a resolution so ambiguous as to cast our major purpose in doubt. What followed was a demonstration of the mob spirit that is unbecoming to the leader of the free world. Our newspapers rushed to endorse a policy they could not comprehend. Our legislators waived their right to reflection and treated doubt as unpatriotic. No doubt the Congress concluded that it demonstrated America's wisdom and determination to the world. In fact the world more nearly shared Moscow's reaction that the Congress showed a reckless willingness to involve the world in an unnecessary war. We know of no nation save Nationalist China that has not reacted to the President's actions with suspicion and fear. Conservatives whose concern should be for allied unity have instead praised the President for his Constitutional caution. We believe they are misguided. On the contrary the ambiguity of President Eisenhower's resolution in itself was an intrusion upon the Constitutional separation of powers. For the Executive must deal in ambiguities and so it is granted great latitude by the Constitution. But the Congress, in contrast, must seek clarification and precision in its legisla-

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tive role. Much has been written, and rightly, of Congressional usurpation of the Executive power. On this occasion it was President Eisenhower who invaded the Legislative power by compelling Congress to legislate an ambiguity, and thus making of Congress an arm of the Executive branch in its pursuit of half-hidden maneuvers of diplomacy and psychological war.

If the ambiguity were over a trifling matter it could safely be disregarded. In fact it concerned the life-and-death issue of war. Sanction of such a war, initiated by the United States, was clearly written into the Message and the resolution. It was freely admitted by Secretary Dulles and Admiral Radford in the closed hearings that preceded the debate. Senator Wayne Morse revealed that:

> The transcript will show that the Secretary of State and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff testified that it might become necessary to strike against Red China before a strike is made against us.

Secretary Dulles no doubt would hesitate to take advantage of any pretext for action presented by Peking. Can the same be said of the man who heads our armed forces? Once before when Dienbienphu was crumbling, the United States, under Admiral Radford's direction, was brought within hours of initiating an air strike that might have touched off a world war. Nor is another such gamble unwelcome to the Chinese Nationalists in whose hands President Eisenhower has placed the United States by implying that we will fight to hold Matsu and Quemoy. From Taipeh, Henry Lieberman cabled the *New York Times* on January 29:

> The Nationalists are not merely interested in defending Formosa and the Pescadores. They would also like to see those islands used as comeback bases for a United States-supported Nationalist counterattack against the Chinese mainland. . . . Although they must tailor their tactics in terms of the free world's urge to peace, it is plain that the Nationalists can now get back to the mainland only within the context of a larger Far Eastern conflict.

Senator Morse read into the President's resolution the sanctioning of an American-initiated war. Senators George and Knowland were quick to blast this criticism for endangering the lives of American soldiers and furthering the Communist cause. Others, overseas, have concluded that if lives were endangered and Communism aided, the responsibility lies elsewhere. For in Morse's comment there was a hard core of truth.

Now, in his second move, Mr. Dulles has called in the UN. The Security Council is convened to consider the threat to peace in the Formosa area. Every conceivable pressure to attend its discussions has been brought to bear upon Peking. The immediate and indignant reaction of Peking has been to reject the invitation. And yet the Communist rulers of China may still come. They may come as they did in 1950 to hurl insults at the American aggressors. They may permit serious negotiations to take place. The chances are remote of progress through full-dress debate in a conflict as painful as this. What chance there is for agreement has been minimized by the terms that President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles have set.

The Security Council debate is directed at halting hostilities, not in the Straits between Formosa and the mainland but around the coastal islands held by Chiang. These islands are indisputably Chinese. And when Peking is solemnly invited to debate their status and to accept the will of Guatemala and Denmark on their disposition, her reaction is about what ours would be were we invited to a UN debate on the international status of Nantucket.

Between the lines of President Eisenhower's message there is said to lie the hint of a bargain. If Peking will abandon her claims upon Formosa then we will secure the evacuation of the coastal islands in return. In other words we will surrender possession of territory that has never been ours if China will surrender her claims to territory we have held to have been hers. That is doubtful morality for a nation which preaches morality in international relations, and it is deplorable politics. For Communist China has shown that it will not be bought off by minor bargains of this sort.

Perhaps Mr. Dulles intended Peking to assume that he would arrange the evacuation of the coastal islands if the Communists in turn would forswear the use of force in regaining Formosa. This is the best possible interpretation of the President's well-concealed position, and its value depends on what means other than force in regaining Formosa are available to Peking. On this question at least there is no ambiguity in President Eisenhower's stand. No means other than force are available. We will hold Formosa, not because the law so requires, but because Formosa is vital to the defense of the United States. If Moscow should lay claim to Bermuda for similar reasons, or Peking to Catalina, then we would view these acts as final proof of Communist perfidy. In this, as in other aspects of the Formosa crisis we demand greater restraint of Peking and Moscow than we ourselves show.

In defense of President Eisenhower it must be noted that his bold and belligerent gestures were made in the context of continuing retreat. He has wisely pressed for the retreat of the Nationalists from the Tachen Islands. His immediate objective in going to Congress and the UN is to prevent Peking from attacking while the evacuation of the Tachens is undertaken with American aid. This much he may accomplish, and might have accom-

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plished without so much beating of breasts. For this is an occasion on which both sides have a mutual interest in avoiding hostilities, and no less an authority than Mr. Molotov has declared that Peking would have no interest in attacking during the evacuation.

Of course there was danger in silence, given the arrogance and animosity of Peking. President Eisenhower may have reduced the overall danger. He may also have replaced the old danger with a new and greater threat. The new danger is that Peking will interpret the message, the resolution, and the UN debate as a challenge which it cannot ignore. And not only Peking may be driven to more belligerency than its self-interest dictates.

Whether or not President Eisenhower wanted a roar of bellicosity from Capitol Hill, that is what he invited by his message, and that is what he got. The UN debate, bitter as it must be, may further heighten tension and so carry us closer to war. No doubt President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles saw in these maneuvers a means of creating a new freedom to act for peace. Instead they may have brought about a new rigidity that prevents such action. Already the Nationalists have hailed the actions of our President and our Congress as signalling the end of "appeasement" and the return of the United States to a wholehearted commitment to their cause. They may yet prove right. For the nation that beat its chest so fiercely in January will find it hard to retreat once again in May if no cease-fire agreement is then in sight.

In balmy complacency David Lawrence and like-minded apologists claim that there will be no war because no one wants to fight. According to this argument all risks are inconsequential and all blunders can be retrieved. But quite apart from the warlike intent of our allies, the Nationalists, this complacency is misleading. No one wanted to fight in 1914. But increasing rigidities ruled out the alternatives to war, and so war came.

If we get by the evacuation of the Tachens without a war, then it will take Peking three months or more to regroup its forces. From then on we must anticipate attacks upon Matsu or Quemoy. What then do we do? Either President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles have committed the United States to fight; or they have deliberately created the kind of uncertainty which as Mr. Dulles is so fond of explaining leads to war. Without doubt Chiang has been encouraged to stand and fight on these islands. And the United States has now extended a moral commitment to fight at Chiang's side for territory that is neither his nor ours under law. The commitment we believe must be withdrawn while there is still time.

This seems to us the simple, immediate and all important decision which must be made. It will of course involve a loss of face, now that we are so far committed; but loss of face is less important than loss of peace.

A retreat from Quemoy and Matsu without concern for what may be gained in return is certainly what non-Communist Asia expects of the United States. From New Delhi Philip Deane reports Nehru as declaring that Quemoy and Matsu are too vulnerable to be used for bluffing, and if we are not bluffing, too insignificant to involve the world in war. The United States, in Nehru's view, would be "criminal" in inviting it. Deane, well versed in the kind of war we would fight, continues:

> Further, Mr. Nehru—and in this he almost certainly represents Asian opinion—would definitely declare *against the United States if it used nuclear weapons*, even in self defense.

THIS is the end that we are courting, and Americans know it. Fulton Lewis, sensing the opportunities, has argued that it would be oh so easy to wipe out any concentration of Communist forces on the Chinese mainland with a hydrogen bomb. And yet there has been no echo in the national heart of the bellicose attitudes struck by our Congress and our press. The legislators who demanded a showdown may return home expecting to be hailed as heroes; instead, we predict, they will be met in silence born of doubt.

In this sense good can come still from the events of the past month if time is permitted for the leavening influence of doubt to be felt. For under the impact of the war danger Americans have been torn away from the moorings of complacency and arrogance on which our Far Eastern policy has been built. They are looking once more for basic questions and daring answers in the search for an alternative to war. From this new mood that is developing a real debate on Pacific policy may follow when the fires lit by the false debates in the Security Council and on Capitol Hill have died down.

The real debate will concern the policy of "Two Chinas" and the conditions under which they can participate together in the world community. Its core will be the proposal that Chiang should be accorded a seat in the UN Assembly as the Government of Formosa, while Peking assumes China's seat in the UN, including the permanent place established for China on the Security Council. The proposal is not under consideration in the Eisenhower Administration. It is repugnant to Taipeh and unacceptable at present to Peking. But it is very much in the minds of the UN majority.

"Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety . . . ." The free nations of Asia will oppose the United States for as long as our policy consists of threats to frustrate the legitimate claims of Peking. They will join us when our emphasis shifts to offering Peking some incentive for forswearing force. This is the shift of Asian opinion that we should be working for. For when the time comes that the alternatives for Peking are acceptance of the Two-China policy or political isolation, the cease-fire agreement will at last move into sight.

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## ► *Since Stalin's Death . . . Is Collective Leadership Cracking?*

The Supreme Soviet of the USSR is meeting in Moscow to consider the Soviet budget. The advancement of its meeting from the traditional date in March to February 3 is in itself significant. Of greater significance is the new concentration the budget may indicate upon heavy industry and armaments.

The shift in Soviet objectives is drastic and ominous. It reflects apparently the Soviet reaction to the rearmament of Germany. It indicates a heightened awareness in the dictatorship of the possibilities of war. It implies a hardening of attitudes and a reversal of recent measures to raise living standards and to relax controls.

A leading advocate of these measures was Anastas Mikoyan, who called on March 12, 1954 for "a new, decisive expansion of the people's welfare" and prophesied that the Soviet State would "strive towards abundance with seven league boots." On January 24, Mokoyan, an old Bolshevik and Deputy Premier, was displaced as Soviet Minister of Trade. On January 25, in a full page editorial signed by its editor, *Pravda* denounced the advocates of welfare as "vulgarizers of Marxism." *Pravda* declared: "It would be difficult to imagine a more anti-scientific and rotten theory and one that would more deceive our people."

Touring Germany and Yugoslavia, Richard Lowenthal of the *London Observer* found this winter that the trends set in motion by Malenkov were still prevailing. In his article which follows he emphasizes particularly the downgrading of the secret police. The Yugoslav view which he reflects may seem too optimistic in the light of latest developments. For Mr. Lowenthal concludes with a prophecy of turmoil to come. And, starting where Mr. Lowenthal ends, William Forrest of the *London News Chronicle* draws from the evidence he gathered on a recent stay in Russia the conclusion that a decisive struggle within the Kremlin is now shaping up. There is no sign yet of an upgrading of the secret police—the signal Mr. Lowenthal warns us to watch for. Its continued subordination indicates that no one among the "collective leadership" is yet strong enough to claim the secret police as his own. When the upgrading of the secret police occurs, it may indicate that one man has moved to the place held by Stalin when he took control of the secret police and built it as the instrument of his own advance to absolute power.

Malenkov

Khrushchev

# The Day of Conflict Will Come

**by Richard Lowenthal**

DURING a recent journey to Germany and Yugoslavia, two countries which have to live in direct physical contact with the Communist world, I met many of the men who closely follow Soviet and satellite affairs—including German and American officials, exiles from the Communist countries, and some of the Yugoslav leaders.

I have returned with the conviction that the most important single change in the Soviet orbit since Stalin's death has been the deliberate public downgrading of the secret police, and its subordination to the effective control of the Communist Party and its "collective leadership."

It began with Beria's announcement of April 6, 1953, releasing the Jewish doctors and promising punishment of those officials of the Ministry of State Security, notably its chief investigator Ryumin, who had forced them by "illegal methods" to confess imaginary crimes. It continued with the arrest of Beria himself on June 26 of that year, and with his execution, together with half a dozen of his leading collaborators, on December 23.

It was followed by the reorganization of the security services of March 13, 1954, by which the secret police was once again separated from the Ministry of the Interior and put, not under another Minister, but under a "Commission for State Security," whose chairman, Ivan Alexandrovich Serov, does not belong to the presidium of either Party or Government, and whose work is to proceed under the collective control of the Government as a whole. It went on with the belated execution of Ryumin on July 23, 1954, and reached its latest stage with the execution, exactly one year after Beria's, of another

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former Minister of State Security, Victor Abakumov, and two of his assistants.

To appreciate the full significance of this "purge of the purgers," one has to bear in mind that the victims did not all belong to one and the same traditional faction or clique, but were in part mutual enemies; that each step was accompanied by public admissions of former abuses of the power of the secret police, and promises that this would henceforth be remedied; and that not a single political execution of any Soviet official *outside* the secret police took place during the same period.

Moreover, abuse of the police power was also publicly admitted in Hungary, where the former head of the secret police, Gabor Peter, was sentenced to life imprisonment and in Poland, where the State Security organs were reorganized on the new Russian model and the former Minister, Stanislaw Radkiewicz, shifted to a technical job.

Finally, a number of surviving victims of earlier purges, from some of the old Bolsheviks who disappeared in the thirties to some of the close associates of the late Andrej Zhdanov who suffered the same fate after his death in 1948, have been released and publicly honored in Russia; and the same has happened to survivors of the purges of alleged "Titoists" in the satellite States, not only in Hungary and Poland—where the American brothers Noel and Hermann Field benefited from the change—but also, more quietly, in Bulgaria, and in one case at least in Czechoslovakia.

THE meaning of all these changes is not that the Soviet system has suddenly ceased to be dictatorial and become liberal. Arrests, trials and executions of "foreign spies" have continued in the Soviet orbit during these last years—but they seem to have been confined to genuine opponents of the regime.

The immediate purpose of the elaborate propaganda connected with this reduction of secret police power is apparently to reassure the loyal Soviet citizen, and more particularly the active Communist and the official or technician employed by the gigantic economic machinery of the State, that the heyday of the anonymous informer is past, and that he can safely afford to take intelligent decisions without covering himself at every turn by written authority from his superior.

But apart from its effects on the rank and file of the Communist Party and the State machine, the ending of inner-party terror seems to be rooted in relations between the top leaders themselves—it is, in fact, the corollary of the present phase of "collective leadership."

Bloody purges of "deviating" Communists were unknown while Lenin exercised his uncontested authority as revolutionary leader, as they are so far unknown under Mao—or under Tito: they were a by-product of Stalin's use of the secret police in the succession struggle. Yet once the great purge of the thirties had happened, it left the Party frightened and bureaucratized into lifelessness, and the government controlled by Stalin's personal machinery of power in which the secret police played a tremendously increased part—still subordinate to the dictator and his personal secretariat, but superior to all the formally constituted organs of Party and State.

As government by purge became a habit, rational discussion, even in the innermost circle of the regime, became so hazardous as to be almost impossible. Some of the blunders of Stalin's declining years can hardly be understood unless the paralyzing effects of this atmosphere are taken into account.

Experts now generally believe that when Stalin died on the eve of yet another purge, of which the "Doctors' Plot" was the starting shot, the frightened heirs hastened to liquidate his personal secretariat; but there remained the danger that the secret police might be used in another succession struggle by its own immediate chief. Whether Beria really plotted to seize power, as recent defectors have alleged, makes little difference—he controlled what had been Stalin's decisive weapon.

His liquidation, the downgrading of the secret police, and the proclamation of "collective leadership" were thus part of a coherent policy—an attempt by the remaining leaders to avoid a succession struggle, to end government by purge, and to restore freedom of discussion at least within their own inner circle. The root of the new flexibility of Soviet policy, of the greater rationality in the choice of means for unchanged ends, of the loosening of dogmatism and the disappearance of hysteria, is here; and so are their limits.

Nowhere had Stalin's method of government by purge had more devastating results in the last years of his reign than in the satellite countries. The attempt to extend the rule of the Russian secret police to Yugoslavia had been one of the proximate causes of the break with Tito; and its extension to all the European countries that remained under Russia's sway was the immediate consequence of that break. A host of Soviet agents moved into all key positions in army, police, administration and economy, until no department of any of these unfortunate colonies dared to move without approval of the "Soviet adviser."

The doctrine that each nation must find its own road to socialism, approved when Zhdanov experimented with a measure of satellite autonomy as the best road to quick Communist expansion, was solemnly condemned as heretical and its outstanding exponents executed—as Rajk in Hungary, Kostov in Bulgaria, Xoxe in Albania and Clementis in Slovakia—or at least purged and arrested like Gomulka in Poland and Merker in Eastern Germany. From now on, any satellite leader knew that opposition to Russian views, even in matters of detail concerning his own country, was liable to bring about his arrest as a traitor.

The decision to end the inner-Party terror of the MGB—the Ministry of State Security—in Russia itself inevitably involved a revision of the methods of governing the satellites. Along with the releases of surviving vic-

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tims and the removal of two Ministers of State Security, numbers of Soviet agents as well as Russian technicians have been withdrawn. The heirs of Stalin seem to rely chiefly on their official relations with the heads of the Communist Parties and the satellite governments, and this means of necessity that Soviet interference becomes less detailed and less petty, and that the satellite leaders have regained more elbow room for implementing the "general line" in their own way—according to their judgment of local conditions.

One result is that the necessary co-ordination of satellite policies is now taking place on a higher level and in a less underhand way. Russian leaders speak at satellite party congresses; the quarterly meetings of the "Council for Mutual Economic Aid," which is responsible for the co-ordination of economic plans, are for the first time given publicity; and the Paris Agreements on West German rearmament have been used as an opportunity for bringing the co-ordination of the satellite armies under Russian command into the open.

Another effect of reduced Russian interference in detail is the greater variety of satellite policies under the "New Look." During the heyday of the armament race, an identical policy of forced industrialization and collectivization was imposed everywhere. Now there is not only greater allowance made for differences of national resources and chances of a rational division of labor, but considerable freedom is evidently left to local leaders in determining the extent of political relaxation needed to broaden the basis of the satellite regimes.

Moscow did not intervene to back the resistance of Rakosi, the Hungarian party leader, against the "liberal" experiments initiated by Premier Imre Nagy, but neither has Moscow so far intervened to break the deadlock between the Rumanian Prime Minister, Gheorghiu-Dej, and the advocates of Stalinist rigidity around Defense Minister Bodnaras and cadre secretary Parvulescu, whose obstruction has so far successfully prevented any real New Look policy in Rumania and led to repeated postponements of the party congress there.

THE recent Soviet wooing of Tito's Yugoslavia also takes on a special meaning in this context. Its primary purpose is undoubtedly to neutralize Yugoslavia, and indirectly to paralyze the Balkan Alliance, by reviving the Yugoslav Communist's memories of the wartime comradeship in arms against Germany. But the Russian leaders must also be aware of the risk they are taking in giving greater scope to the satellite governments, and they may feel that the risk would be diminished if they could demonstrate that even independent-minded Yugoslavia was returning to the fold of its own accord.

At the same time, the "purge of the purgers" and the rehabilitation of some of the men once arrested as "Titoist agents" offers a chance of soothing the hurt feelings of the Yugoslavs whom Moscow slandered for years as "Fascist spies," by hinting that all this was a mistake.

Yet it would be risky indeed for Moscow to admit openly that, for instance, the whole Rajk trial was a frame-up, and that several satellite Communist Parties were deprived of their outstanding leaders without good cause; and it is just this open admission for which the Yugoslavs, wary of Moscow's tactical turns by long and bitter experience, are now pressing.

ANOTHER field where the reduction of inner-Party terror is bound to make a great difference is the quality of foreign intelligence, and the political effectiveness of secret operations outside the Soviet orbit. One by-product of the colonization of the satellites by the Soviet Ministry of State Security was its victory in its prolonged rivalry with the Army's political administration for control of foreign intelligence.

While Zhdanov controlled the Bolshevik Party's international relations, he had favored the army's secret services in that contest; after his death and the discredit of his group, the victory of Malenkov in the Party was paralleled by that of Beria in the field of secret operations. Everywhere, leaders of the army political administration and intelligence chiefs were now involved in the purge—veterans of the Spanish war in the satellite countries no less than those of the Ukrainian partisans in the Soviet Union.

The arrest of Noel Field was part of this battle of the secret services, which, by sacrificing active intelligence to spy hysteria, probably contributed greatly to reducing the Soviet leaders' knowledge of the outside world for several years.

Conversely, the rehabilitation of the military-political services, and the reorganization of the security services, are likely to have improved this knowledge and understanding. For the time being, the Soviet secret services have been freed from the necessity to furnish material for factional feuds among the leaders, and ordered to turn their attention to the outside world; hence the result of the internal downgrading of the secret police has not been a slackening, but rather an intensification of its activities abroad.

Under the banner of co-existence, both the number and the political skill of Soviet secret agents outside the curtain seem to have multiplied; the most striking evidence of this is the recent increase in the number of kidnappings and of genuine voluntary returns of exiles from Soviet bloc countries—I personally know of Russian, Ukrainian, Czech and Bulgarian cases—and the new technique by which the kidnappings, too, are usually disguised as voluntary returns.

The present Soviet leaders are trying to use the relaxation of police pressure as the basis for a revival of Communist faith, presenting it as a return to the true teachings of Lenin. But the fundamental weakness of this revival lies in the transitory situation which has produced it—the "collective leadership" pact. The clear

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lesson of history is that the maintenance of triumvirates or "collective leaderships" at the head of great, despotic empires does not depend on the good will of the persons concerned. Even with the best intentions of solving all differences by rational discussion and agreement within the inner circle, harmony can last only until the leaders find themselves divided on the issue of life and death.

Whether this moment has already come, whether the Soviet leaders are maneuvering for positions in the decisive struggle even now, is a matter for speculation; there certainly are some symptoms pointing that way. But whether now or later, the day of decisive conflict is bound to come—and with it the return of the secret police into the arena of the internal struggle. On that day it will be apparent that what looked like a renaissance of the Communist idea was merely a closed season for Communists within the Soviet Empire.

# Malenkov's Challenger

**by William Forrest**

COLLECTIVE leadership in the Kremlin, if not already cracking, is showing ominous signs of strain. The "peaceful co-existence" of the two strong men, Malenkov and Khrushchev, is giving way to the struggle for absolute power over the Soviet empire.

Sooner or later it was bound to come. If Nikita Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Communist Party, emerges the victor—and at the moment the tide is with him—it will spell the end of "peaceful co-existence" in the foreign field as well as at home.

For that has been Malenkov's specific contribution to Soviet diplomacy.

At home an iron dictatorship, relying as Stalin did on the drastic weapon of the purge; and abroad an aggressive forward policy, of which we may now be seeing the first portents in Indo-China—these will be the marks of the Khrushchev era, which seems about to dawn.

Both Malenkov and Khrushchev appeared during the week-end on the Moscow platform from which the call went forth for bigger Soviet families. But it was Khrushchev who made the call.

It is Khrushchev who is commanding the Soviet labor forces in the great battle for grain.

It was Khrushchev who used the forum of the recent Builders' Congress to demand greater resources for the heavy industries—at the inevitable expense of the consumer goods which Malenkov had promised the masses in greater abundance.

It was Khrushchev who led the important Soviet government mission in China — instead of Molotov, the Foreign Minister, who had to be content with a trip to East Germany.

And it was Khrushchev who, at a Moscow reception which I attended last summer, said in so many words: "Churchill speaks for Britain; I speak for the Soviet Union." He said it, moreover, in the presence of Malenkov.

How long, it must be asked, can Malenkov, the head of the government, afford to let Khrushchev, the boss of the party, monopolize the limelight?

Some, if not most, observers of the Soviet scene think that Malenkov, the younger man—he is 53—and undoubtedly the more intelligent, is content to bide his time, hoping that Khrushchev, if given enough rope, will hang himself.

But Khrushchev, though impetuous, is no fool—could he be where he is today if he were? And just because he is older than Malenkov, by nearly a decade, he can less afford to wait before making his bid for supremacy.

Indeed, he appears to have decided that he can wait no longer and that now or never is the time for Nikita Khrushchev to grasp the mantle of Josef Stalin.

No other conclusion can be drawn from a number of strange recent happenings in Russia:

Why was the anniversary of Stalin's birth (December 21), which was allowed to pass unnoticed in 1953, made so much of in 1954?

Why was it the Party—that is, Khrushchev—which celebrated the occasion rather than the government—that is, Malenkov?

Why was the interview on the battle for grain given by Khrushchev on September 25 to the British scientist Professor J. D. Bernal not published for three months?

Why the belated trial and execution of Viktor Abakumov, one-time Minister of State Security?

The answers in my view, are to be found in: What the party, through its press and radio, said about Stalin; what Khrushchev said to Professor Bernal; what the indictment said about Abakumov:

**The Party and Stalin:** According to the Party, Stalin's great contribution to Communism was—the Purge.

"He it was who mercilessly unmasked the enemies of the people. Under the guidance of its Central Committee and Stalin the Communist Party crushed the traitors and defeatists."

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Beria Malenkov Mikoyan

That is Khrushchev speaking, not Malenkov. Khrushchev openly extols the virtues of the Purge: Malenkov apparently wants to forget it.

While *Pravda,* the Party paper, splashed the Stalin anniversary with a front-page leading article and picture, *Izvestia,* the government paper, made little more of it than it did with the 2,400th anniversary of Aristophanes' birth, one of the earliest "fighters for peace."

**The Bernal interview:** Khrushchev has staked everything on the battle for grain. The outcome is still in doubt. The extra yield from the "virgin soil" of Kazakhstan was offset last year by losses in the Ukraine.

In his talk with Professor Bernal in September Khrushchev stoutly defended his policy—and, in passing, maliciously recalled that at the last Party Congress, in 1952, Malenkov had declared the grain problem settled once and for all.

Khrushchev, however, did not publish the interview at the time. But he did so with a vengeance three months later, after short excerpts had appeared in the foreign press.

On Christmas Eve the full text was broadcast, and *Pravda* gave it front page prominence under the heading: "The Plan Has Been Fulfilled Ahead of Schedule."

**The Abakumov indictment:** On the same day the Soviet press announced the trial and execution in Leningrad of Abakumov and three subordinates.

Nothing had been heard of Abakumov since he was dismissed from the Ministry of State Security in 1952, and most people had written him off as liquidated.

But last month he turned up in Leningrad—as a prisoner standing trial before a military college of the Supreme Court.

The chief count in the indictment was that he "prepared the frame-up in the so-called 'Leningrad case,' whereby a number of party and government officials were falsely charged with committing grievous crimes against the State."

After the death in 1948 of Andrei Zhdanov, defender of Leningrad during the war and thereafter Stalin's acknowledged heir, most of his henchmen mysteriously disappeared.

This was the "Leningrad case," which is now proclaimed to have been a frame-up.

But who profited most from this "frame-up"? None other than Georgi Malenkov.

While Zhdanov lived and enjoyed Stalin's favor Malenkov was in the shade. When Zhdanov died Malenkov made his come-back, and at once appointed his own henchmen to the posts vacated by those who are now declared to have been the innocent victims of the "Leningrad case."

The trial of Abakumov and his subordinates was held openly and the official account says "the public in the courtroom heard the sentences with great satisfaction."

It must have been with anything but satisfaction that the Soviet Premier heard the news.

Though they are not brothers-in-law, as was at one time reported, Malenkov and Khrushchev live in adjoining villas. They even share the same garden. In public they appear the best of friends.

But so did Beria and Malenkov—up to the moment when Malenkov struck.

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# The Newer Orthodoxy

**by Robert M. Hutchins**

THE conduct of the majority, if it was the majority, of the Reece Committee was so scandalous that it outraged almost all the press and apparently even one of its own members. At any rate, Angier L. Goodwin of Massachusetts wrote a new kind of concurring opinion, one that disagreed with all the conclusions of the opinion with which it purported to concur. In the conduct of the hearings Mr. Reece added some new wrinkles to the distortions that we have become accustomed to in Congressional investigations.

The foundations were elaborately attacked by the staff and by some witnesses of dubious standing. Then, pleading that Mr. Hays of Ohio would not let him conduct the hearings as they should be conducted, Mr. Reece adjourned them and informed the foundations that they could file written statements. Perhaps the most depressing fact about the report of the so-called majority of the Reece Committee is that Mr. Reece takes credit for relieving the foundations of what he calls the "embarrassment" of cross-examination. You might as well execute an innocent man without the embarrassment of a hearing —but if you did nobody would claim that you had conformed to the principles of Anglo-American jurisprudence.

THE most entertaining of the new wrinkles was that the majority took a philosophical position. The Cambridge ladies, e e cummings said, lived in furnished souls; so Mr. Reece and Mr. Wolcott came bustling out in second-hand suits of anti-empiricism, supplied them by the sages of the staff. Mr. Reece and Mr. Wolcott were much against empiricism, which they associated with moral relativism, irreligion, the cultural lag and ultimately with subversion.

The Congressmen could not be bothered with history. They overlooked the fact that some of the most empirical empiricists in history, like Hume and Montaigne, were thoroughgoing tories. The Congressmen could not be bothered with consistency: for example, they went after the teachers' colleges for sponsoring empiricism and then after the Fund for the Advancement of Education for not sponsoring the teachers' colleges.

If a committee may charge a foundation with empiricism, why not charge a college with it, and if with empiricism why not with Presbyterianism or Catholicism or any other philosophy, religion, or dogma that the committee does not care for? The grant of tax exemption may carry with it certain obligations, and those who accept it may by implication agree that they must perform certain services. But it has never been supposed that by taking tax exemption a college, university, church, or foundation, otherwise within the law, was liable to condemnation because of the philosophy that it held. If there is such liability, the way is open to the most flagrant violation of religious freedom and of freedom of speech and teaching.

THE lesson the majority, if it is a majority, of the Reece Committee wants to teach the foundations is stated in words of crystalline clarity: "They should be very chary of promoting ideas, concepts and opinion-forming material which run counter to what the public currently wishes, approves and likes."

Here the Committee throws overboard the principle accepted by the Cox Committee that the justification of the foundations is that they supply risk or venture capital in the field of philanthropy. That is what they are for, to take chances, the Cox Committee said. The Reece Committee would confine them to what a public relations man, presumably by a series of careful polls, found that the public currently wished, approved, and liked. The way to be safe would be to attract no attention, arouse no discussion, create no controversy.

Even this would not be enough. All the things of which the Committee now complains were currently wished, approved, and liked at the time the foundations did them. To meet the test laid down by the Committee, therefore, a foundation would have to be able to foresee what would become unpopular by the time of an investigation.

But even this is not enough. The issue is not what the public will wish, approve, and like. There is no evidence, for example, that the American public dislikes empiricism. Quite the contrary. The public does not dislike empiricism: the Reese Committee does, or rather two members of it do, or perhaps just the staff of the Reece Committee does. Running a foundation on these terms becomes an extra-hazardous occupation fraught with dangers that test pilots and submarine explorers and others who are up against nothing worse than the laws of nature do not encounter.

The Reece Committee achieves some of its gaudiest effects by the simple process of giving old words new definitions and then pinning the old words on the foundations. This is the way that empiricism becomes subversive.

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*Robert M. Hutchins is President of the Fund for the Republic. His article is taken from an address to the National Press Club in Washington on January 26, 1955.*

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Subversion now means, the Committee says, a promotion of tendencies that may lead to results that the Committee will not like. Hence support of the New Deal could be subversion. Social engineering, planning, world government, the United Nations, William James, John Dewey, the American Friends Service Committee, Dr. Kinsey and reform are all subversive in the bright new lexicon of the Reece Committee. And of course all these things are socialistic, if not Communistic, too.

At times one feels when reading the report that old scurrilous words will be redefined and applied to any expression of decent human feeling. So it was that a staff member found himself identifying the Papal Encyclicals as Communistic.

BUT the Reece report is said to be a majority report, and it will be referred to in the future as a majority report. Its appendix will be quoted as an authoritative collection of dangerous names. The only reason for the appendix is to enable some committee in the future to say of somebody that he was listed by the Reece Committee. This fact will then be greeted with hushed and incredulous awe by those to whom it is communicated.

All you have to do to qualify for the appendix is to favor world government or get mentioned by the *Daily Worker*. The principal charge against one distinguished professor is that he is quoted, apparently with approval, in a dissenting opinion in the Circuit Court of Appeals. A low of some sort is reached with the mention in the appendix of the name George F. Kennan. He is accused of the following—and this is the total record—: a book of his was reviewed (we are not told whether favorably or unfavorably) in the *Daily People's World* and the *New World Review*; on May 9, 1950, the *New York Times* reported that he spoke on Communist China (what he said does not appear); and on May 28, 1950, the *New York Times* reported that he "attacked witch-hunting of Communists." On the basis of such information Mr. Kennan will in the future be referred to as "cited by the Reece Committee."

The appendix of the Reece Committee's so-called majority report is an endless carnival of good clean fun—it is almost 200 pages long; but I must pass on. I cannot regard the Reece Committee as having more than symbolic or symptomatic importance. Its wild and squalid presentation affords a picture of the state of our culture that is most depressing. Its aims and methods are another example of the exploitation of public concern about Communism and subversion to further political ambition and to work off political grudges.

We may as well state it plainly: the Reece investigation in its inception and execution was a fraud. Nobody in his right mind could suppose that the great accumulations of wealth left by our richest men were being intentionally used by their trustees to overthrow the institutions of this country. Hence the Reece Committee had to take another tack: the trustees were said to be so busy that they had to leave the foundations to officers who were often quite disreputable. Though this relieved the men of wealth and standing of the charge of being knaves, it did so only at the expense of charging them with being fools. Only fools could be so careless as to allow enormous sums entrusted to them for charitable purpose to be stolen away and lavished on the subversion of their country.

CONGRESS may properly investigate the foundations and seek to arrive at general legislative policy concerning them. But the most important question to ask about any given foundation is whether it is one. Is it actually using its money for religious, charitable, educational, or scientific purposes? The First Amendment suggests that tax exemption should not be denied or revoked because the particular views of religion, education, or science held or promoted by the foundation are unpopular.

On the other hand, nothing in the Constitution requires that tax exemption must be accorded an organization, which though in outward form a foundation, is actually a tax dodge, or a public relations device, or a scheme to promote the personal interests of the donor. The test is public versus private purposes. The government may properly inquire into this question, since the exemption is granted with a promise of performance. The appropriate forum for the determination of the question of performance would seem to be a court.

As Dr. Johnson used to say, we must clear our minds of cant. When we do, we see that in general the foundations have for many years been following the prescription laid down for them by the majority of the Reece Committee. This prescription is to try to avoid doing what is or may become unpopular. The failure of the foundations to be universally popular at all times is seldom caused by a spirit of reckless abandon or eager pioneering on their part. It is caused rather by the difficulties of predicting what will be popular or unpopular.

Who could have imagined that helping prospective teachers in Arkansas to get an education would have ever been regarded by anybody as exhibiting dangerous tendencies of mind? But when a foundation did this, it was criticized by teachers, businessmen, and newspapers in that state and was of course complained of by the Reece Committee. What would the Foundation have done in Arkansas if it had been possible to foresee the reactions that in fact occurred? I do not say that the grant would not have been made, but I would not bet on it; for the foundations have in varying degrees suppressed their ambition to provide risk capital in favor of a desire to have what are called good public relations, that is, to avoid unpopularity.

We know that the Attorney-General's list is an *ex parte* finding of guilt with no probative standing in law. But how many foundations would give money to an or-

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ganization or even to an individual in an organization on the Attorney-General's list, no matter how meritorious the project? Would we support organizations that allowed groups listed by the Attorney-General to meet in halls owned by them? If not, for an irrelevant reason, one that has nothing to do with the quality of the proposal, but that has a great deal to do with our popularity, we have made our peace with Reece.

We know that the most dreadful aspect of the current situation is the atmosphere of suspicion and of guilt-by-association in which we live. We ought to say that until a man or an organization has been condemned by due process of law he or it must be presumed innocent, and therefore individuals and organizations are not to be automatically denied support solely on the ground that they are associated with unpopular people. Yet how many foundations would give money for a good purpose to be well carried out by an organization which, though not on the Attorney-General's list, was supposed to have some Communist members or was vaguely reported to be dominated by Communists?

We have come a long way since Lord Macaulay, who said, "To punish a man because we infer from some doctrine he holds or from the conduct of others who hold the same doctrine with him that he will commit a crime is persecution and is in any case foolish and wicked."

Congressman Reece was scoffed at. It was agreed that his investigation was a farce. I think he had good reason to be satisfied with himself. I think he won. Without firing a single serious shot, without saying a single intelligent word, he accomplished his purpose, which was to harass the foundations and to subdue such stirrings of courage, or even of imagination, as could be found in them. As I have said, there were not many there when he came on the scene. Congressman Cox had been there before him. And even before Congressman Cox, the foundations were coming to limit their venturesome risk capital supplying to the natural sciences, medicine, technology, and long-term research. These fields are of great public benefit. They are also not controversial. If there ever was a foundation that was willing to be controversial, that was willing to take risks and to venture capital in areas about which people have strong prejudices, it learned its lesson by the time Cox and Reece got through. Who will venture now?

The pressures of our time produce strange contradictions, as in the case of the man who said that there were two things he hated, intolerance and Jews. Even those who understand what they are talking about are sometimes afflicted with a disease that often attacks intelligent people, a disease that gives them such satisfaction in what they say they are blinded to the fact that it makes no difference.

The *Houston Post* did a wonderful job on the situation in the schools of that city, but the deputy superintendent, who was fired, has not been reinstated. We all smiled at the decision of the commandants not to permit West Point and Annapolis to debate the entry of Communist China into the UN and applauded Mr. Eisenhower's sensible observations. We went away feeling very good, forgetting that West Point and Annapolis are not to be permitted to debate the entry of Communist China into the UN. The Illinois Department of the American Legion has repented, I hear, of its brutality to the Girl Scouts; but the Girl Scouts revised their manual as the Legion demanded. We were pleased to notice that Bishop Oxnam was "cleared" by the House Un-American Activities Committee; but he is not allowed to speak at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles. We assert that the Fifth Amendment is one of the brightest stars in the crown of our liberties and proclaim the inalienable freedom of every man not to testify against himself, conveniently overlooking the fact that almost everybody who has declined to do so is now unemployed. We say that a security system that deprives us of the services of some of our ablest people is scarcely helping us to be secure; we regard this as a pungent remark. But Davies and Oppenheimer are not working for the government; Ladejinsky is not working for the Department of Agriculture. And what about Edward U. Condon, retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, who has been repeatedly cleared, but who, at the prospect of his tenth or eleventh investigation, pronounced himself investigated out of public service? And now, after Reece, how many foundations do you suppose would be prepared to assist such a man?

THE temper of the times appears to be such that the real victories go to those who are nominally defeated. The rather messy anti-Communist legislation adopted at the close of the last session of Congress and the pious resolution passed by the Senate at the opening of this one must be regarded as real victories for a senator who was formally condemned by his colleagues two months ago. So must the requirement imposed on every public speaker these days that he must disavow any connection with Communism and attack the vicious conspirators in the Kremlin.

The newer orthodoxy is an odd thing. For example, it requires us to be against McCarthy, but not too soon or too much, not in such a way as to arouse too much animosity in too many of those who might have a different opinion. If, for example, we say that rumor and gossip are an inadequate basis on which to condemn a man or a group, we are told that of course we are right, but that in this case the rumor and gossip are so widely believed that people would think bad thoughts of us if we insisted on proof. So it comes to this: we must ourselves adopt an un-American attitude because if we don't we may be regarded as un-American by those who have an admittedly un-American attitude. We are all dedicated to the great American tradition, but the battlecry of the Republic is, what will people say?

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# BOOKS & COMMENT

## *A Report on the Russians*

### *by Harry Schwartz*

ONE morning about a year ago, I boarded an airline bus for Idlewild Airport and rode out there sitting alongside a pretty young lady who was even more anxious than I to meet a returning traveler. As we rode to the airport, the young lady and I discussed, in words of wonderment, the far-flung journey of this traveler and his unique meeting with one of the decisive figures of current history. Later, when the traveler had landed and finally passed through the red tape of customs, he emerged, embraced the young lady, and turning to me said, "Harry, I've got a mountain of notes which I'll have to digest before I can give you anything of great value." The traveler was Marshall MacDuffie, just returned from an amazing journey through much of Russia and a four-hour interview with Nikita S. Khrushchev. The young lady is now Mrs. MacDuffie.

*The Red Carpet,* by Marshall MacDuffie (Norton; $4.50).

*The Red Carpet* is the product of this "mountain of notes" and of the digestive process which followed Mr. MacDuffie's return. It is the straightforward story of what he saw and heard on his trip through the Ukraine, Central Asia, the Caucasus and other key areas of Russia, a trip in which he talked to Soviet citizens of high and low degree, visited in their homes, factories, and farms, and obtained a personal picture of Russia whose comprehensiveness few Americans have ever been able to equal. Spiced with the author's wit and showing throughout his desire to report fairly and honestly, it is certainly one of the very best travel reports on Russia ever written. For anyone who wants to know what post-Stalinist Russia is like in terms of everyday life, there is probably no better book now available.

What emerges most clearly from this narrative is the fact that modern Russia is a land of amazing contrasts. It is a nation whose government and people never tire of saying they want peace, yet whose official propaganda spread through every medium of communication could hardly be more viciously anti-American if our two countries were in a shooting war. It is a land where some of the most complex machinery in the world is turned out with brilliant success, yet also one in which many of the ordinary simple consumer goods are poorly made. In the author's words, it is a country which has "efficiency mixed with inefficiency; the old entangled with the new; brilliance and mediocrity; logic and illogic, side by side."

Perhaps one of the most valuable features of the book consists of MacDuffie's pen portraits of a wide range of Soviet citizens. There is for example Gofar, the Uzbek who lives in Tashkent, dreams of writing an English textbook in his own language, and whose material aspirations were summed up in the sentence, "my wife particularly wants a cow; and I want an automobile." Or take Jakovlev, the chief engineer of the huge Dnieper Dam, who showed MacDuffie how the Russians had simplified the circuits of the American machinery there so as to cut the cost of operating the system very substantially. And at the very highest level, of course, MacDuffie's description of Khrushchev is a particularly valuable addition to our scanty knowledge of the personal side of Russia's rulers.

A good deal more could be said about specific sides of Soviet life seen and reported on by Mr. MacDuffie, but the reader who wants to see Russia through this author's eyes should read the book, not just a review. More important there are some obvious questions that arise from the fact that MacDuffie did penetrate the Iron Curtain and from the way in which he got that opportunity.

We may ask first why Mr. MacDuffie was given this opportunity. Two reasons at least seem important. He got the opportunity at a time when the Soviet government had decided it was wise to give at least a few foreigners a chance to see Russia, if only to neutralize the West's reproaches about the Iron Curtain. Even more important, however, Mr. MacDuffie's trip was an early demonstration by Khrushchev to the outside world of the power that lay in the hands of the then newly-elected First Secretary of the Communist Party. It is worth remembering that even up to the time of this writing, no other member of Russia's "collective leadership" has dared to give a foreigner without diplomatic or similar status such a lengthy and relatively candid interview. The hint of Khrushchev's power given then has of course been amply confirmed since.

A second question of course relates to how the Kremlin judges the result of this and other similar limited experiments in allowing foreigners access to the Soviet Union. In some cases, where the foreigners have returned and dwelt largely on the poverty of Soviet life and on the melodramatic aspects of recent Soviet history, the Kremlin can hardly have been pleased. More surprising are the rumors that Khrushchev has told foreign diplomats he was displeased by Mr. MacDuffie's original articles in *Collier's*. But if the leaders of Russia are ever to be content with anything but Communists' propagandistic accounts of Soviet life, they will have to learn to accept objective reports such as this book. Unfortunately the present rising international tension would seem to strengthen the hands of those in Moscow who regard every foreign visitor as a potential or actual spy.

FINALLY, no one can read this book without regretting that Soviet citizens cannot read a similarly objective account of this country by one of their number. The latest Soviet traveler's report on the US is very much in the old vein illustrated by the recent Pravda account of New England. But if the Soviet rulers are not anxious to have their people know the truth about the United States, there would seem to be little reason for us to co-operate with them by measures which add nothing to our security but which do give Kremlin propagandists fuel for their output. We have nothing to fear from Soviet citizens' comparison of American reality with Soviet reality. Isn't it time for imaginative thinking and policy in Washington aimed at giving many Soviet citizens a chance to see American life at first hand?

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# A Box of Old Forms

## by Thomas Fitzsimmons

At 71, William Carlos Williams is still a rebel. Of his two new books, the *Selected Essays* define his rebellion, revealing its roots and stages and restating the ideal that sustained it; *The Desert Music* is another example of the verse it has caused him to write. Like most rebels, he at first found his work rejected by all but a few young people. Now, some 37 books later, it is more often than not received with that placid acceptance of the familiar he has railed against all his life.

*Selected Essays of William Carlos Williams* (Random House; $4.50).
*The Desert Music and Other Poems,* by William Carlos Williams (Random House; $3).

"Nothing is good save the new." That's in the first essay, written in 1920 (French symbolism, surrealism, dada—with a New Jersey accent). Those that follow all try to develop that emotion rationally in terms of a concern which dominates all his work and thought:

> . . . the thing that stands eternally in the way . . . is . . . the virtual impossibility of lifting to the imagination those things which lie under the direct scrutiny of the senses, close to the nose.

That's in the first essay too. The core of *Paterson, Book I,* composed 26 years later, is the line "no ideas but in things."

First, in *Selected Essays,* is the young man who has found his chosen art stuffed into a box and all his elders sitting on the lid. He wants only to knock them off. Later comes the skilled debator, gruff but fast, able neatly to impale a point on a sharp paragraph and have done with it, or to ramble all around it, lighting it up as he chooses. Toward the end of the collection, his damning of the old as influence takes less general terms and he confesses to a few errors. But nowhere flags his determination to break open that box—at whatever cost.

The encrustations words pick up in current daily and past artistic use, have always presented the poet with his first problem: the renewal of language. Williams sees solution here as having been frustrated by our persistence in writing English instead of the less hardened American language we speak.

Words of course are rudimentary forms which are in turn fitted into the larger forms of art—structures consciously adopted for an effect. For Williams, the box he would destroy is fashioned from all old forms and the connotations they have given words. Shaped from an older, different experience, these forms, he feels, falsify whatever of the new is poured into them. But efforts to replace them are discouraged and resisted because they contain a specious power, able to make even the most terrifying novelty seem as familiar and unimportant as grandfather's old shoes.

For the veneration and propagation of forms (especially by the "subtle conformist," like T. S. Eliot), Williams reserves his fullest anger.

As Williams sees it, the settlement of America presented a fabulous opportunity to free both language and its art-forms from the past. A chance to create through action and choice a truly new culture. But "they saw birds with rusty breasts and called them robins. Thus . . . they retreated for warmth and reassurance to something previously familiar. But at a cost. For what they saw were not robins."

Modes of living, language, art-forms, all were imported and imposed upon the new experience of this land until only a mite of what it could have taught was seen and learned. Some few, he says—Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Sam Houston—did see and did adjust. But the culture they and their kind began to shape, because new and crude and often faulty, could not in terms of immediate comfort and grace stand comparison with the imported modes. So those whose ways were most closely patterned to the new reality were rejected as alien. Partial recognition and adjustment by Jefferson and Jackson helped keep one thin tendril of the new plant living, but the wholesale march to the cities, utterly dominated by the imported, destroyed the small communities in which it might have flourished.

In poetry, Emerson, for one, was sensitive to forces in both cultures, came close, but could not fuse them. Whitman, reacting excessively to ex-

## *The Immigrant's Wake and Requiem*

Five Irish waiters all looking like St. Anthony,
With aprons from Ruppert's and black suits from Goldberg's,
Marched across the river and they marched across the ferry
And marched along the Avenue, four with coffin poles.
In the March wind their aprons stood up with the starching.
Their black hair was blown. Their chins were all heavy.
Their jaws needed shaving. They did not look happy.
They carried the coffin of O' Hodhead the fireman.
Yet they laughed with the corpse and their manner was merry
When they coffied at Luchow's. They rested for whiskey
At Cassidy's Oysters. They smiled at the red-head
Swung her butt as they passed and made on for St. Patrick's.
They hummed in Gregorian, musical hodmen.
They were joined as they marched by a friar from Fordham
Who carried a handkerchief. This cousin was learned
And seemed like a Spaniard; he recorded his culpas
And kept memoes on footnotes and signals for football
On rosaries of knuckles from the pigs killed at Cudahy's.
Who knows what they thought, the five pious bearers
Who marched there so well and so rugged and so chilly?
But my, what a sight they made, marching and flapping
The black of their coats and the white of their napery
Hired just pressed, with respect to the services!
Into the church they went, praise them, the carriers,
Thinking their best, not their last, of that traveller.

REUEL DENNEY

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cessive restraint, lost his way, his ability to select and control, and began to write catalogues.

That, to Williams, is in essence the history of this nation: a struggle between the enduring and the facile (the story of all peoples, perhaps) in which opportunity was not only let slip, but nearly forgotten as well. And so the bulk of our art, he says, is a lie.

His is no ordinary mind; and its diagnosis, in the main, is probably correct. As cure, he urges simultaneous destruction and creation. Certainly. But very hard to do. Williams himself has not been able to do it. And often in his enthusiasm he seems to have forgotten one half of the process.

He champions endless, unfettered experiment and the persistent unraveling of the work of the past to see "where it has gone wrong." He endorses anything, or did, provided it is *new*. For things have got so bad, he tells a University of Washington group in 1948, that the artist today can hope to do no more than contribute to a "mass," a "hoard" into which some future "summative genius" will dig for the materials he needs to fuse new forms permitting the nature of experience once again to be revealed.

Perhaps the energies released by extreme revolt are necessary to art as to society if ossified institutions (forms) are to be broken open. But excess too long indulged most often leads to new authority so inflexible that yet another extreme reaction is required if the very concept of *seeing* and acting upon sight rather than dogma is to survive. In the last essay (1953), there seems to be a desire to narrow the pendulum's arc. Poetry must have measure, he says. Although Whitman was right in breaking the bonds, without valid restraints he went wild. And it is exactly his worst features that have most been copied.

"I among the rest have much to answer for."

But he still insists that the measures of the past—the feudal beat—are "meaningless" for us now. That we can have "no measure by which to guide ourselves except a purely intuitive one." If we are to escape the "magnificent verses of the past" by equaling them with forms as true to *our* experience, we must find a new "relatively stable" poetic foot. This last of the *Selected Essays* announces a forthcoming book containing a few experiments toward discovery of the new measure.

I suppose *The Desert Music* is that book. It is hard to be sure since the opening poem, "The Descent," is taken whole, with only one very minor change, from *Paterson, Book II* (1948). Probably this small piece of his long poem is the basis of the announced experiment, since its structure, units of three lines which move diagonally across the page, is a characteristic of most of *The Desert Music*. At any rate, here theory can be tested against work.

As usual with Williams, the striking thing about these verses is their lack of music, of developed and exploited meter—any kind, old or new.

A new music I am deaf to? I doubt it. Once in awhile, for a line or two, the verse breaks free from the grip of theory and there is music, and it takes no special sense to hear it, though it is not the "feudal beat."

What seems to be there the rest of the time is a flexible, careful prose using many of the devices of poetry and broken up on the page for dramatic effect. The line-breaks are a kind of punctuation only, reading instructions. And the practice of grouping them diagonally in units of three can hardly be considered a new form. It is a flexible device, certainly, but not as flexible as the paragraphs of prose-poetry: a form strangely unexploited in this country, yet one which accepts certain limitations to achieve effects very close to those Williams seems to be trying for without accepting any limitations.

Not very long ago, the young poets of France, unable to grasp the whole of Baudelaire's innovations, began to split them up and specialize in those which seemed most immediately useful to the revolt he had inspired. (Their slogans and Williams' have a family resemblance.) They seemed to be seeking a short-cut to the New Poetry. But the giants of the French symbolist movement (and, later, Yeats) held hard to one key lesson learned from the past: that the musical development possible in poetry is one of the major means by which old, encrusted words can be made sharp enough to pierce through and beyond the catagories of the intellect, into the imagination, *while still retaining their intellectual content,*

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their function as signs. Their work has influenced all poetry since.

There were the short-cut seekers who tried to write music with syllables—musical notation does it better. Now, syllables and words with the music pressed out of them seem just as self-defeating:

> Shame on our poets,
> they have caught the prevalent fever:
> impressed
> by the "laboratory"
> they have forgot
> the flower!
> which goes beyond all
> laboratories!

In our own times, e e cummings has dared as much as Williams, no more afraid in his innovations to fall on his face and look ridiculous. Williams praises him as one of those who "has come *from* English . . . avoiding cliché by first avoiding the whole accepted modus of English," and one who penetrates to the "living flesh of the matter." Yet cummings has managed to remain one of the most accomplished exploiters of music-in-words writing today.

Williams criticizes cummings, severely, for using the sonnet (which he abhors: "to me all sonnets say the same thing of no importance"). Cummings does use the sonnet; he has stretched it, twisted it and stood it on its head until it takes a practiced eye to detect that a sonnet by cummings is a sonnet—which is one way of finding out what is essential in a sonnet and what can be modified, how flexible the whole thing is and of what use to us. A more illuminating method perhaps than condemnation. So with all the old forms.

Forms are invented and more will be. They are not something to worship. But they seldom spring full blown. Human experience, at least, is a continuum. And there seems no obvious reason why the forms which express it or reveal it shouldn't connect with one another too.

Two things, however, that Williams has said a thousand times in a thousand ways have needed to be said at least that many times: poetry has its sources in the actions of men, their experience; it should reveal that experience to men —"we must realize that it is a world to which we are definitely articulating —or might be, were we all able enough."

# *Tales from an Analyst's Couch*

## *by Robert T. Morse*

*The Fifty Minute Hour* is subtitled "A Collection of True Psychoanalytic Tales," which subtitle suggests the dilemma of the reviewer: to treat the material as literary narrative or as a scientific document in that field of medical psychology known as psychoanalysis.

The five tales, all written in a vigorous and colorful literary style, are, to put it mildly, exceptional cases. In fact, several are set in a context virtually unknown to classical psychoanalysis, namely a prison setting where the patient-prisoner and the therapist-jailer are so irrevocably a part of the whole prison society that most psychoanalysts (and certainly this reviewer) would seriously doubt whether true analysis is psychologically possible.

*The Fifty Minute Hour,* by Robert Lindner (Rinehart; $3.50).

However, this does not detract from Lindner's courage in attempting treatment under these circumstances. In one instance, that of the juvenile murderer, treatment was terminated by administrative decision because of the patient's psychotic attack on his therapist. But in another instance an imprisoned Fascist did in the course of treatment achieve insight, which made it possible for him to abandon his Fascist philosophy.

These two cases are drawn from the author's background as a prison psychologist, experiences which led him to his earlier works, *Rebel Without a Cause* and *Stone Walls and Men.*

"Come Over, Red Rover" is a tale of the analysis of a Communist who in the course of treatment, found that the Party which furnished an outlet for hate and aggression failed him when this type of acting out was no longer available. In this instance and in his other tales, the author displays exceptional candor regarding the patient-therapist relationships. The reader, I am sure, will nevertheless wonder why, considering the number of Communists the author has treated, he mentions no interest the FBI has ever shown in these patients.

"Solitaire," the story of the treatment of a compulsive eater, is of a sort more frequently met with in clinical practice, but the abrupt termination of the story, however dramatic, leaves the professional reader unsatisfied as to the concluding aspects of treatment.

The final tale, "The Jet-propelled Couch," is the most fascinating story of all, as its earlier publication in a national magazine indicated. Here again the professional reader is torn between the attractiveness of the narrative as a tale and clinical judgment based on years of experience, both successful and unsuccessful, with ambulatory schizophrenic patients, the true nature of whose illnesses only slowly became apparent after considerable preparatory therapeutic work. Lindner, with engaging frankness, tells of his unwitting drifting into the patient's psychotic system, being unaware of his status until he was so advised by the patient, who had begun to abandon his delusional world.

Other workers, such as Rosen and Fromm-Reichmann, have described psychotherapy with psychotics in which the therapist consciously enters into the patient's psychotic system, with the definite aim of being able gradually to lead the patient from it. But probably in a large number of cases, and rarely reported, the situation exists such as the author here so candidly describes. Here again the clinician will feel disappointed that the concluding phases of treatment are so elided that the dynamic pattern is left incomplete.

The problem of condensation of material has always been the stumbling block of coherent reporting on psychoanalytic treatment, from the time of Freud to the present. In this instance the author has condensed so extensively that while the work as effective writing has great impact, it seems lacking in analytic coherence.

Very likely the author has planned it just that way, for he has always eschewed the traditional and seems happy in his milieu as a spokesman for the nonconformists. As such he is a colorful, facile, and engaging spokesman.

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# TELEVISION

IF YOU'VE been longing to see the latest and best in Hollywood films on your TV set, or if you prefer baseball games uninterrupted by shaving cream plugs—and are willing to pay for these luxuries—your salvation may be near.

The Federal Communications Commission has finally begun studying the feasibility and legality of "pay-as-you-see" television. Battle lines are being drawn. Movie producers and sports promoters are impatient to satisfy an immense market at immense profit; ultra high frequency TV station owners are ogling the project like drug store cowboys catching sight of the burlesque queen who may establish herself in town; the now dominant networks must ponder the upsetting possibility that control of American television could be wrenched from their grasp tomorrow.

Three separate petitioners are urging the FCC to sanction a change in this country's 34-year-old system of commercial broadcasting. Zenith Radio, the International Telemeter Corporation—controlled by Paramount Pictures — and an outfit with the chrome-tinged name of Skiatron TV each has its own method of garbling your picture, ungarbling it and collecting your fee.

For the non-technically minded viewer, the proposed scheme works like this: When you tune in the new subscription channel, you get only rapidly flickering images and unintelligible sound. You contact Zenith or Skiatron; they attach a decoder to your TV set, and you then pay a dollar for any show you want to watch.

Skiatron's special selling point to the FCC, a point which has drawn the UHF entrepreneurs in as allies, is a proposal to limit the use of its gadget to ultra-high frequency stations for three years. The economically faltering UHFers see this as their salvation.

The potential cash rewards of the proposed system have won other allies to the subscription camp. A single World Series game could attract an audience of 12 million set owners—and a take of 12 million dollars. With a 50-50 box office split, the baseball interests involved would gross a neat six million dollars for the single contest.

**It's not hard** to see why film exhibitors are unnerved at the prospect of having first-run films given to TV stations. In a 1951 test of its system, Zenith determined that the average Chicago family saw 1.73 movies a week over its TV set. This compares with the average movie-going family's 0.47 per week. It's just more comfortable to watch at home—and cheaper. Lessons like this are not lost on Hollywood, and it is likely that the moment subscription TV is given the go-ahead, the moguls will become the most prolific suppliers of video material in the world.

The exhibitors have banded together in a Committee on Toll TV to defend the principle of "free television." They have no dispute with subscription television *per se*; indeed 30 of them shared a $150,000 gross by presenting a Metropolitan Opera production of *Carmen* in 1952. But permitting a viewer to see an opera—or anything else—except under the roof of a member of the Theatre Owners of America is clearly contrary to the public interest and very possibly un-American.

The FCC has other problems to mull over at this juncture in addition to the demise of one more obsolete industry. There is the danger that Hollywood producers and sports promoters, with an oligarchic control over output, will come to dominate the television industry, just as a few big film companies easily succeeded in taking over the production, distribution, and exhibition of almost all the nation's movies, prompting the Anti-Trust lawyers to crack down in recent years. The FCC must contemplate what may happen to a station's commitment to "balanced programming" under the proposed scheme. Those ever-popular feature films and big-gate sports events are sure to bulk very, very large on any subscription channel's schedule. And, of course, there is the underlying question of whether Congress, in passing the 1934 Communications Act, envisioned that citizens would have to pay for the privilege of tuning in their own airwaves. Paying for it by smoking the cigarette that brings you *Dragnet* is one thing; putting a coin in a slot is something else.

The real "pay-as-you-see" clincher for some set owners will doubtless be the elimination of commercials. America's fabulous advertisers and their agents will be badly jolted if television, the fount of all good things, is barred to them, even in part. (As of now the petitioners aspire only to supplement, not to supplant the advertisers.) On the other hand, most viewers have become inured (nay, addicted!) to grinning handsome, well-groomed, husky young men with resonant voices, and many will miss the sincere expositions on why our beer is least caloric. It's been suggested by some misanthropes that the sponsors could come to a happy *rapport* with the subscription televisers. So maybe you can have your commercial after all and pay for it too.

As is proper form for FCC petitioners, all the "pay-as-you-see" advocates make much of the cultural benefits which will accrue to America by virtue of their good offices. By cultural benefits they mean Hollywood movies, sports and maybe an occasional opera or a Broadway musical. Indeed, there's a real danger that the impresarios of Shubert Alley may expurgate themselves down to the level of run-of-the-mill TV drama with a view to gratifying that great living room family audience—ages eight to eighty. A few of our biggest cities might be able to support one egg-head station aimed at the untapped audience. This new source of revenue, in combination with contributions from the community at large, might give a boost to educational TV in some places. But the normal commercial channel run by the normal businessman is unlikely to stray too far from Hollywood's perennial hits or the Yankee Stadium's thrills.

WALTER GOODMAN

WITH this issue, Mr. Delmore Schwartz joins the New Republic as its poetry editor. He will also comment regularly on films.

Mr. Schwartz's books include *Genesis, Vaudeville for a Princess* and other volumes of poetry; *Shenandoah* (a play in verse); and a novel, *The World Is a Wedding*. A former editor of *The Partisan Review* and a frequent contributor to American and British literary periodicals, Mr. Schwartz has taught at Harvard, New York University, Princeton and the University of Chicago.

## Notes on the Critics

HARRY SCHWARTZ is a specialist on Soviet affairs for the *New York Times*. ROBERT T. MORSE is a member of the American Psychoanalytic Association. WALTER GOODMAN is a free-lance writer.

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# THEATRE

***The Phoenix Theatre,*** offering a new program every six weeks or so, approaches the end of its second season. All in all, the enterprise on 2nd Avenue, New York, has been a big let-down to those of us who had high hopes for it. We know it is a kind of achievement even to keep the doors of such a theatre open for more than one season. We know that several good plays have been put on and that a number of talented performers have been employed. We know that Norris Houghton and T. Edward Hambleton are producers of far above average taste and intelligence. In fact it is because we know all this that we are bitterly disappointed.

A phoenix is a phoenix, but the producers this season have offered us, instead, three turkeys: *Sing Me No Lullaby, Sandhog,* and a revival that all agree to be very dull. The first two seemed hopelessly dated in mentality, and the first badly written and badly directed into the bargain. The "revival" is Shaw's *Doctor's Dilemma.* It is worth seeing because it contains first-rate Shavian scenes. It was a poor choice for the Phoenix because it is one of Shaw's faultier plays, as has always been acknowledged since Desmond McCarthy enumerated the faults after the first performance half a century ago. But, admittedly, the choice of play is wonderful compared with the choice of director and leading man. The direction shows an understanding neither of Shaw nor the stage; the actor of Sir Colenso Ridgeon can't make Sir Colenso's tailcoat and pin-stripe pants seem his, let alone get his tongue round Shaw's lines. All of which is an insult to Geraldine Fitzgerald, who is the first actress I've seen to really enact the country girl who needs a great man—which is the Jennifer Dubedat Shaw describes. (Cornell just played a *grande dame.*) In the second male role, Roddy McDowell acts well but quite wrong. The director should have insisted that he play the death scene as a deliberate plot to fix a romantic image in the mind of his widow. In portraying Dubedat, Shaw had in mind not only Karl Marx's rascally son-in-law but also a young criminal who had said in court: "I am a disciple of Bernard Shaw," a line spoken by Dubedat—except at the Phoenix. Then, too, Shaw parodies a passage from Wagner that begins: "I believe in God, Mozart, and Beethoven"; at the Phoenix, this passage is so reverently rendered that the newspapermen congratulate Shaw on its eloquent sincerity. Luckily, large pieces of the play are production-proof: a gifted actor like Frederick Worlock can simply take over.

***The City Center.*** If the Phoenix has been a disappointment, the City Center's drama season this year has been decidedly enjoyable. True, it opened with *What Every Woman Knows,* but I bear no grudge, as I slipped out in the dark quite a while before the end; the last half hour was probably as superb as *The Four Poster,* which came next. Possibly I was the only critic to whom De Hartog's play came as a shock. I'd never seen it before. The shock was a shock of . . . well, what is the biggest shock for one who sees all the shows? The shock of delight. It is seldom that we see comic performances worked out in so much fine detail by so fine an intelligence as that of the Cronyns. And Jessica Tandy has a great voice. What is a great voice in theatre? An heroic organ tone? Cordelia's mellifluous pianissimo? Great actors have so often been criticized for their ugly voices that I am almost ready to state that a great theatrical voice should be ugly. Listen to Edith Evans. Or Miss Tandy. Strangely high-pitched, aren't they? And don't they project rather oddly, rather excessively, throwing their voice to some friend in the top gallery, watching it settle in his lap? A great voice is a voice that will do great things. Henry Irving's voice rasped and snarled—but, we are told, with great power and variety. . . .

The latest City Center show is *The Time of Your Life.* Perhaps the director, Sanford Meisner, was bent on replacing Mr. Saroyan's champagne with a dry sherry of his own: in place of the author's wacky, woozy dream, some Group Theatre "reality." Possibly I exaggerate, for most of the old play is still there, and most of it is still good; in fact, it is among the most memorable of American entertainments.

***The Saint of Bleecker Street*** by Gian-Carlo Menotti. This work is a by no means mute appeal to which the blurb-like reviews in the NY *Times* read like the desired and expected answer. Interesting that Atkinson and Downs (both men reviewed it) had little but good to say when they spoke in general, little but bad when they deigned to be specific. The music is so near to Puccini that all you long for is to go the whole way. The drama is like something an author's agent would suggest to all his Italian-American clients. The show is mounted with taste and care; and there are passages that have dignity, even beauty. But surely, as a whole, *The Saint* is phony?

***Anastasia*** by Guy Bolton. This melodrama about White Russian emigrés is chiefly notable for Joe Anthony's performance as a swashbuckling villain—really grand crude stuff from an actor who has sometimes seemed mild. He is ably abetted by a number of actors with tiny roles (especially Vivian Nathan, Mike Strong and David Stewart) but the two leading ladies . . . Well, Miss Leontovich has the most genuine Russian accent on Broadway, and London once thought it heard her say (as Cleopatra): "O happy whores to bear zee weight of Antony." Viveca Lindfors is a most attractive person but as a performer in this play she is montonous. If she could hear her sobbing and whining on a tape recorder, she would recognize the infinite variety of a factory siren.

***Festival*** by Sam and Bella Spewack. Betty Field has the best part in this farce and is able to have fun creating a comic character with subtlety and gusto. Paul Henreid has the worst part and is able to do nothing—except offer it his handsome figure and the management's expensive clothes. Mr. Voskovec is *simpatico* but keeps grinning—perhaps because it's a comedy? Albert Marre as director drives his men so hard he could get a job as a foreman in Soviet Russia. The play took a beating from the newspapermen yet is not much inferior to some they have been ecstatic about.

***Witness for the Prosecution*** by Agatha Christie. The most nearly flawless play of the season. Congratulations to Mrs. Christie, the director Robert Lewis, and the two leading actors, Patricia Jessel and Francis L. Sullivan.

***House of Flowers*** by Truman Capote and Harold Arlen. Sorry: my comments might be libelous.

ERIC BENTLEY

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# CORRESPONDENCE

### ► Whodunnit to O'Dwyer?

SIRS:

Robert G. Spivack's review of *The Big Fix*, by Mockridge and Prall, (*NR*, January 24), gives rise to one question in my mind.

Tom Dewey, Irving Ives and "top level Republicans" are criticized by Spivack for not attacking the O'Dwyer regime and appointment as Ambassador.

May I ask who appointed this unsavory character to represent us in Mexico?

RICHARD C. EISENHAUER
*Cleveland Heights, Ohio*

*Editor's Note: Harry S. Truman*

### ► The Legacy of Fear

SIRS:

Jacqueline Blackford's letter, "Liberalism and the Young" (*NR*, January 10), was very interesting but I cannot, unfortunately, share her confidence in our generation.

Our generation was born in depression but it grew in the freedom and optimism of the late thirties. It spent its adolescence in the patriotism and friendship of the alliances of World War II. In short, it was formed by the highest ideals and sobered by suffering and bloodshed. No other generation held forth so great a promise.

Unfortunately, however, our generation matured during the last decade. It has seen and adopted the Cold War's legacy of fear. The uncertainty brought about by rapid changes in warfare and economics has imbued it with a fear of change—and so it reaches back to the "factory-slave-capitalism" of the past. The Korean War, likewise, has imbued it with a fear of death and injury—and again it has reached back to the isolationism of the past. . . . Our generation realizes that only international government can bring an end to war but it is afraid to speak because of the Brickers and McCarrans. It realizes only liberalism can guarantee freedom but it is afraid of the McCarthys.

And yet, I must admit, things are not really so black—underneath this mantle of fear there lies good stuff. It is evident in the liberals of our generation who work and vote for men like Adlai Stevenson and continue to read the works of Elmer Davis.

Freedom lies latent. If those, like Jacqueline Blackford, can incite the rest of our generation to throw off its mantle of fear, . . . we may yet avoid the grave which domestic and foreign tyrants have dug for us.

DONALD J. D'AVANZO,
*2nd Lt., USA*
*Fort Belvoir, Virginia*

### ► How Strato Is Your Streak?

SIRS:

Your recent editorial (*NR*, December 13) on the names selected by the automobile hucksters to "sell" their client's product reminds me that my dictionary provides this derivation of Hydramatic:

> *Hydra*—A monster having nine heads, any one of which, when cut off, was succeeded by two others; hence, a multifarious evil, or an evil having many sources, not to be overcome by a single effort.

J. C. MESA
*Richmond Hill, New York*

### ► Books for Indo-China

SIRS:

Americans will have the opportunity to help fight Communism and Colonialism next month during an intensive drive for books for students of the Indo-Chinese University of Hanoi. During early February, chapter members of Students for Democratic Action and other college students all over the country plan to canvass their neighborhoods and cities to collect books and all types of school supplies for shipment to Saigon, where the university was moved after the Communists took over Hanoi.

Citizens who wish to make donations should take advantage of the low postal rates on parcels marked "Books," and should ship them no later than February 12 to: Books for Viet-Nam, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.

All text and reference books currently used in University libraries are acceptable.

CARL LEVIN, *Chairman*
*Middle Atlantic Region*
*Students for Democratic Action*
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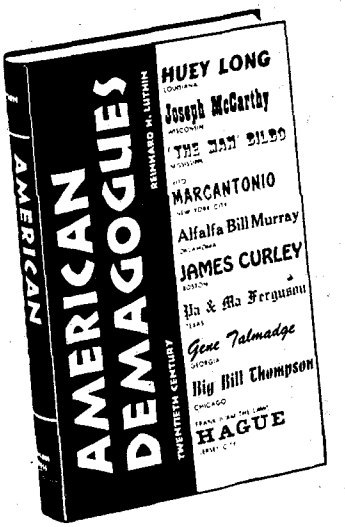


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